



# Writer's Fox Block Trot



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## Chapter 1 by Koko Hart

Although I've convinced myself to put pen to page, I can't bring myself to write a single word.

It's gotta be the pen. The point isn't fine enough.

I put on my jacket to walk to the corner store to buy a more suitable pen.

## Chapter 2 by Jane



When I get there, I go in. Obviously. I go to the office supply section, I look for a pen. One that works, one that is fine, one, that suits me.

## Chapter 3 by Kitiōn



The problem now for me is that several more factors come into play.. Which color? Left or right handed as I'm ambidextrous. Will the nib shape naturally into my posture of writing angle?

I know perhaps I should opt for a computer, but then again which should I buy? AMD, Intel, Apple! O my God how did Moses cope with writing the 10 commandments?

## Chapter 4 by dikon



All of a sudden, I can see it. I can sense it, smoothly feeling its presence getting stronger. It's a shiny pen, standing out from the others. I carefully study it from the tip to the top sensing every detail and I gently pick it up. I can feel the weight, perfectly balanced. I know this is the one. The pen. My pen.

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Chapter 5 by Kitiōn

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I gently caressed this master piece of salvation in my hand as I made my way to the cashier counter. The oil of inspiration beginning to lubricate the rusted cogs of my imagination, until a

voice behind me said sorry sir that one's not for sale - it's the only one left & it's the demonstration model!

### Chapter 6 by Kitiōn



I looked at the assistant in dismay & quickly told him I had no problem with it being a demonstration model, but he replied the company policy dictated that last item in stock is held back for demonstration model. There was no point in arguing with the assistant, so rather than walk out of the shop crestfallen - I waited until the assistant placed the pen back from where I took it, and then I took it again, and this time without any intention of paying for it.

Without hesitation I slid my nail under the small scanner tag & peeled it off, and then for the want of a better phrase - I made a run of it & never looked back.

### Chapter 7 by Luke Meyers



Huddled at home with my ill-gotten treasure, I crouched in my favorite chair and opened up a fresh notebook. Almost immediately, words and ideas began to flow. I was so busy writing, I scarcely had time to be astonished. I went through half a dozen cups of tea and half a notebook before I put down the pen to stretch and rest my eyes.

I read back over what I had written. It was good. I can't always produce good writing, but I know it when I see it. It was sharp, insightful, funny, and meaningful. This was me at my best. I couldn't shake the question, though: was it the pen? Could I honestly attribute my sudden prowess to an inanimate object? Of course not. But was that really me?

What if it didn't even work again? Each moment I stood there wondering, I grew more fearful. Perhaps fate was mocking me. These few dozen scrawled pages, perhaps they were my one and only opus.

I had to know. I dove back in, and the words came just as easily as before. As I felt my flow reach its apex, I tore myself away from a beautiful paragraph in order to try an experiment. I put down

the stolen pen and picked up the one I had been using earlier. I was on a creative high, why should changing pens make any difference? I wrote a few more lines on the paper.

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Chapter 8 by Kitiōn



I scrutinized the nib of the pen & tried again but nothing. There was no time to waste and exchanged pens to avoid writers block, but that was no problem as the pen just danced across the paper creating a mosaic of words, sentences & paragraphs.

This was going to be a masterpiece. It was going to be crafted with intellectual prose that would appeal & relate to all. My pen continued it's dance as page after page was filled to capacity, and my euphoria lifted me up into the literary realms of Hemminway, Solzhenitsyn, Orwell & Willams to name but a few, and my pen made this happen.

Just then there was a knock on the door. It was not possible to answer, otherwise the flow could be broken.

There was another knock & this time more forceful. My mind screamed why now - just come back later.

Another knock came, and this time a voice calling my name.

My mind froze, my hand became rigid & the pen struggled to break free.

Their was no choice - answer now, and just get it out of the way. So I made my way to the door & opened it, only to see the stationary shop assistant point at me and say.... That's him officer.

the end

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